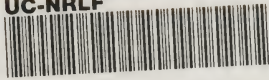


953  
S422  
eas

UC-NRLF



B 3 315 141

# *EASTER-SONG*

*Clinton Scollard*





LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
CALIFORNIA







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



*Easter-Song*

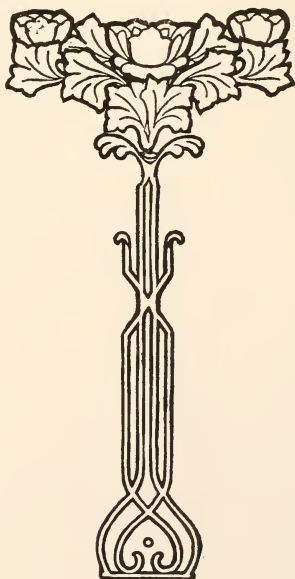




# *EASTER-SONG*

*Lyrics and Ballads of  
The Joy of Spring-time*

CLINTON SCOLLARD



CLINTON, NEW YORK :  
GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

*Copyrighted 1906 by Clinton Scollard*

953  
S422  
20v

## CONTENTS

A Madrigal	7
The Barren Easter	8
In a Winter Wood	11
The Minstrels	12
Dew-Flowers	14
Children of the Morn	15
A Song	16
The Tourney	17
Flower and Soul	18
The Outland Lure	19
The Preceptor	20
The Stream	21
The Leaf	22
The Olden Way	23
Saint Rosaline	25
April Promise	27
I Lean Sunward	29
The Pillow	30
Horizons	32
The Spirit	33
The Rocks of Chance	34
The Praise-Fire	35
Heart o' Mine	36
The Pine	37
A Canticle	38
Now That the Birds Come Back	39
The Vale	41
Song for Easter Morning	42
The Garth	43
The Easter Walk	44
The Path	45
The Search	46

## CONTENTS

### CONTINUED

Among the Hills	47
The Healing of the Wood	48
The Quest	49
The Green o' the Year	50
Patchwork	51
The Weavers	52
A Legend of Normandy	53
Life	59
Sorcery	60
Granter Time	61
The Thrall	62
In Sanctuary	64

*Let us take leave of haste awhile,  
And loiter well content  
With little pleasure to beguile,  
And small habiliment ; —*

*Just a wide sweep of rain-washed sky,  
A flower, a bird-note sweet ;  
Some easy trappings worn awry ;  
Loose latchets for our feet ;*

*A wheaten loaf within our scrip ;  
For drink the hillside spring,  
And for true heart-companionship  
The love of loitering.*

*We want so much, and yet we need  
So very slight a store,  
But in the age's grip of greed  
We hurry more and more.*

*The woodland weaves its gold-green net ;  
The warm wind lazeth by ;  
Can we forego ? can we forget ?  
Come, comrade, let us try !*



## A Madrigal

Easter-glow and Easter-gleam !  
Lyric laughter from the stream  
That between its banks so long  
Murmured such a cheerless song ;  
Stirrings faint and fine and thin  
Every woodsy place within ;  
Root and tendril, bough and bole,  
Rousing with a throb of soul ;  
The old ecstasy awake  
In the briar and in the brake ;  
Blue-bird raptures — dip and run —  
And the robin-antiphon ;  
Tingling air and trembling earth,  
And the crystal cup of mirth  
Brimmed and lifted to the lip  
For each one of us to sip.  
Dream ! — 'tis something more than dream,  
Easter-glow and Easter-gleam !  
Prescience 'tis, and prophecy  
Of the wonder that shall be  
When the spirit leaps to light  
After death's hiemal night !

## The Barren Easter

It was the barren Easter,  
And o'er Pamello plain,  
Where'er the sweeping eye might rove,  
From beechen grove to beechen grove,  
Greened neither grass nor grain.

It was the barren Easter ;  
By vale and windy hill,  
Where blossoms tossed on yester year,  
Now bourgeoned no narcissus spear,  
And glowed no daffodil.

It was the barren Easter,  
And toward the grinding-floor,  
A store of wheat within his pack,  
Along the dreary meadow-track  
Went good Saint Isadore.

It was the barren Easter,  
And when the sweet saint came  
To where a mighty live-oak spread,  
A host of wrens and starlings red  
Seemed crying out his name.



It was the barren Easter,  
And to his ears their cry  
Rang plaintively, "O Isadore,  
Grant us thy pity, we implore!  
Give succor, or we die!"

It was the barren Easter  
When wide he flung his store,  
And all the feathered folk of air  
Sped whirring downward for their share  
From kind Saint Isadore.

It was the barren Easter,  
And onward to the mill  
Along the dreary meadow-track,  
The empty bags within his pack,  
The good saint plodded still.

It was the barren Easter;  
He scarce knew why he went,  
Save that he did not dare return  
To face his master, grim and stern,  
Now all the grain was spent.

It was the barren Easter ;  
When at the miller's feet  
He cast the sacks in dull despair,  
Behold, he saw them open there  
Abrim with golden wheat !

It was the barren Easter ;  
Oh, meager are men's words  
To tell how He who rose that day,  
And drove the wraith of Death away,  
Helped him who fed the birds !

## In a Winter Wood

Into a winter wood  
At the crest of the morn I went ;  
The pine-tree stood like a tent  
Of ermine, feathery soft ;  
The hemlock wore a hood ;  
And many another bole,  
Towering far aloft,  
Was wrapt in a samite stole.

A gentle whispering  
Seemed wafted from tree to tree,  
Like a broken melody  
Chorded tender and low :  
“ We are gossiping of Spring,”  
Said a birch, with a friendly nod,  
“ Of how we will joy when the snow  
Will let us look on the sod !”

Then came a truant crow  
With a lusty, rusty note,  
And a squirrel, sleek of coat,  
With his chirrup ever glad ;  
So we all chimed in, and oh,  
What a cheery, chattering,  
Frolicsome time we had  
Just gossiping of Spring !

## The Minstrels

All through the spring-time day,  
Till the purple even-fall,  
Rang from the willow spray  
The blackbird's clamorous call ;  
But the mist has mounted high  
Over the western steep,  
And we list to another cry  
With its "peep ! peep ! peep !"

Thus saith the wistful song  
Of the tuneful minstrel band,—  
"We have lain in exile long  
In a white and lonely land ;  
We have lain us languishing  
In a dreary, death-like sleep,  
But now through the gates of Spring  
Do we 'peep ! peep ! peep !'"

"What therein do we see ?  
Life at its vernal flood,—  
The tremors of the tree  
As it bursts the sheath of the bud ;  
The flight of the meadow-lark  
Where the pasture paths are deep ;  
This, and more, do we mark  
As we 'peep ! peep ! peep !'"

“ All beauty we descry  
    In the lowly heart of things ;  
The moth and the butterfly  
    With the pollen on their wings ;  
The grain by the river shore  
    That soon will be ripe to reap ;  
This do we see, and more,  
    As we ‘peep ! peep ! peep ! ’ ”

“ And man who walketh the earth,  
    Lusty, or faint of breath ;  
Lads who are loud in mirth,  
    The old who are sad at death ;  
Man, the bond or the free,  
    Who to the grave doth creep,  
Him do we ever see  
    As we ‘peep ! peep ! peep ! ’ ”

Such is the minstrels’ song,  
    Such is the minstrels’ cry,  
From the bough-tops where they throng  
    As the south-wind whispers by.  
The clock-tower’s silvery strain  
    Telleth the night grows deep,  
But still that clear refrain  
    With its “ peep ! peep ! peep ! ”

## Dew-Flowers

There's a waste of sand unpathed and arid  
In the land beside the sunset sea,  
Where no foot of man has ever tarried  
Save to rest for all eternity.

Over it the skies show rainless reaches ;  
Blown about, it lies, by scorching breath ;  
Barren is it as the ocean's beaches,  
And they call the place "the Vale of Death."

Yet, so strange is nature's chrismal order,  
Ere the range of peaks that round it tower  
Flash the dawn across its dismal border,  
Lo, it flushes into tender flower !

For the dews adown the night-winds drifted  
Mingle with the brown and sterile earth,  
And, by some miraculous urgance gifted,  
Bring this marvelment of bloom to birth.

Briefly lift these flowers their fragile faces,  
For when dowers the vale the blaze of day,  
As ephemeral as frost's filmy laces,  
Into nothingness they fade away.

Spreads afar once more the desert glooming,  
Like a shore with desolation rife ; —  
Aye, and who has not beheld them blooming,—  
These dew-flowers upon the wastes of life !

## Children of the Morn

We are the children of the morn,  
Bred of its dewy loam and wind ;  
Yet as we journey, gay or lorn,  
We leave the morning far behind.

Before we ken our grievous loss,  
Behold the noon is zenith high !  
And each one, with his care for cross,  
Toils on beneath the flaming sky.

Fleetly the golden hours decline  
With swift, sure lapsing of the light ;  
Along the west a crimson line,  
The quiet eve, and then the night ! —

The night, and sleep, — the long, long sleep, —  
Untroubled by a dream of pain !  
O far beyond the darkness deep  
Shall we not find the morn again ?

## A Song

O'er the hill the plangent west-wind dirges;  
Deeply shrouded is each meadow-way;  
Night in day, and day in night-time merges  
In monotony of white and gray;  
Rainbow-gold of promise, — not a ray!  
Desolation rules with icy sway!

Swing, O planets, on your shining courses!  
Bear us past the wintry woe and pain!  
Work your wonder, O ye vernal forces,  
Let us hear it throbbing through the rain,—  
The old tender and ecstatic strain!  
April and the blue-bird back again!



## The Tourney

What time the falchion of the sun  
Clove through the morning mists,  
The trumpets blared right merrily,  
And two gay knights armed cap-a-pie,  
The very flower of chivalry,  
Rode out into the lists.

And one was all bedight in white  
From gleaming helm to greaves,  
The other's shield showed golden sheen,  
With bars of emerald shot between,  
The while his armor glistered green  
As the unfolding leaves.

They splintered lance on couchèd lance  
Amid applausive cries,  
They battled without jeer or mock ;  
Both seemed as firm as is the rock ;  
And echoes of their conflict-shock  
Went reeling up the skies.

Then suddenly the snowy plume  
Slipped crashing down amain ;  
The victor heard the plaudits ring ;  
We saw him back his vizor fling,—  
And lo, the triumph smile of Spring  
Above the Winter slain !

## Flower and Soul

Thus saith the flower ; —  
“ I wait the perfect hour,  
Then will I wake,  
And into blossom break,  
Bright-wooded and won  
By my lord-lover, Sun ! ”

My soul saith ; — “ Like the flower,  
I wait the perfect hour ;  
Then out of gloom  
Into ecstatic bloom  
I will be straightway won  
By Faith’s bright sun ! ”

## The Outland Lure

Who bides beneath a roof to-day,  
If he may set his foot abroad  
Along the woodsy outland way,  
Is little better than a clod !

There is no thing in all the land  
That does not seem articulate ;  
The grasses smile, and understand  
The vireo calling to his mate.

Tall pine-tops unto pine-tops breathe  
In sighings murmurous as the sea ;  
And through the birchen copse beneath  
There runs a fluting harmony.

In the half-dusks of tangled green  
The pale wild-rose's censer burns,  
And in each hollow may be seen  
The fragile laceries of ferns.

While over all, for all to share,  
Placid and pure and wide and high,  
Mist-winnowed by the searching air,  
Broods motherly God's open sky.

Then grip the oak-staff, ye who may,  
And set the pilgrim foot abroad !  
Who, willing, bides within to-day  
Is little better than a clod !

## The Preceptor

I set my eyes on the face of Duty ;  
“ Master,” I said, “ let be ! let be !  
Life will lose all its golden beauty  
If I must follow thee ! ”

Ah, but the ways that we trod were weary !  
Ah, but the paths that we followed long !  
Dreary the span of the sky, and eerie  
The sound of every song.

And yet, as though through some chrismic wonder,  
After the lapsing of sunless days,  
The grim gray veil seemed to melt and sunder  
Like the rifted morning haze.

Then I set my eyes on the face of Duty ;  
“ Master,” I said, “ at last I see  
That life has gained a more hallowed beauty  
Since I have followed thee ! ”

## The Stream

Far in a forest's ferny fastnesses

It bursts from under-earth, brims a dim pool,

Leaps down a ledge, then, glinting clear and cool,

Darts from the shrouding shadows of the trees.

It cleaves both marsh and mead, by slow degrees

Widening and deepening; owns the sway and rule

Of curbing circumstance, though not its tool,

Joining the calm of the unplumbèd seas.

Thus with the current of our lives, so small

In its unknown beginnings, waxing great

As it goes winding through the stress of years,

Guided by some divine, o'er-brooding Fate,

Until it joins the ocean that we call

Eternity, beyond God's swinging spheres.

## The Leaf

Know you of aught more lovely than the leaf  
When it escapes the bud,— the virginal green  
Catching the sunlight, taking to itself  
A delicate shimmer from the sun's warm gold?  
Its softest touch reserves for it the wind;  
Its warmest raindrop sends the kindly cloud;  
Thus is it gently nurtured by the Spring.  
Years come and go, and still the mothering  
As on the first exultant bourgeoning-tide,  
Mysterious, full of sweetnesses, and all  
The old earth's elemental loveliness.

As beautifully let thou some leaf have birth  
Within the soul,— some vernal shoot of love,  
Of faith, of pity, or fair charity!

## The Olden Way

When by the ingle-side I sit,—  
    However it may be by day,—  
And shades are drawn, and lights are lit,  
    My heart goes back the olden way ;

Goes back along the paths I trod  
    In that far, fair, unfettered time  
When my young feet were ardor-shod,  
    And the sun rose and set to rhyme.

The hill-crests call to me ; I mount  
    Through open beech and maple aisles,  
Where a pellucid forest fount  
    Slips dimpling down with lyric smiles.

A pasture reach where mandrake-moons  
    Are half leaf-hid I cross, and there  
I chase the tiny seed-balloons  
    The dandelions toss in air.

Then I plunge thicket-ward, and win  
    Through many a briary dip and turn,  
Drinking the hale aromas in  
    From bruised bark and trampled fern.

On and yet on with vernal thews  
I swing, nor do I pause, forsooth !  
Why should I, when I have to use  
The brimmed, immortal cruse of Youth !

And not until I cap the height,  
With my hewn staff of hickory,  
Do I drain all the deep delight  
The sweet Earth-Mother willed to me.

The height ! — Ah, immemorial hills,  
Fresh with the dawn-wind and the dew,  
My heart, when day's loud turmoil stills,  
Yearns ever, ever back to you !

Spire after golden sunset spire  
Crumbles, or fades to somber gray ; —  
O hills, from out the ingle-fire  
Beckon me still the olden way !



## Saint Rosaline

'Twas Rosaline, the austere Prince's daughter,  
The fairest of the land's fair maiden flowers,  
In that old town beside the Neckar water  
Whose walls are tiaraed with a score of towers.

Beloved she was throughout the great grim castle  
Wherein her smile was like a golden ray ;  
Worshiped she was by varlet and by vassal,  
When through the narrow streets she took her way.

It chanced that famine sore had gripped the people,  
And though bright vernal light touched heights and  
         dells,  
The chimes that rang reverberant from each steeple  
Seemed like the mockery of Easter bells.

For scarce a crust had many for the morrow,  
And to make still more piteous their pain,  
The Prince decreed no needy hand should borrow  
From the state granaries the accustomed grain.

Yet did the daughter of this heartless master  
 Creep in where bins gleamed amber to the view,  
 At soul determined to avert disaster  
 If it be but from the most wretched few.

As forth she stole, and sought a shadowed byway,  
    Bearing her basket with its covered grain,  
Back from his worship up the crowded highway  
    The Prince came winding with his Easter train.

Ere she could speed his searching gaze had caught her,  
    Suspicion kindling as she turned to flee;  
Although 'twas clear the damsel was his daughter,  
    Should he evade his duty? Nay, not he!

With all the majesty that rank imposes,  
    He bade her bare her burden to the view;  
The basket lid she lifted, and lo,—roses!  
    Roses irradiant, fresh as dawn with dew!

Shamed by the wondrous sign, the Prince besought her  
    To say that none henceforth through want should  
        pine;  
And to this day the rigorous ruler's daughter  
    In praise and prayer is called — *Saint* Rosaline.

## April Promise

March is no more !  
Her blasts so chill and froze  
Around far norland capes and headlands roar.  
The skies we now behold  
Are tempered by the sun's effulgent gold ;  
And faint, fine sounds disclose  
That, in the sod and mould,  
The spirit of the spring-time stirs and glows.

'Tis April, and the willow leans to look  
And see within the brook  
Its fair, new garniture of palest green ;  
'Tis April, and the maple-buds are red,  
While in the elms o'erhead  
The leaf-elves have begun to weave a screen  
That will in June-time throw  
A wavering shadow on the lawn below ;  
'Tis April, and a thousand ice-freed rills  
Furrow a thousand hills ;  
The wheat has pierced the loam,  
And where the orchards soon the pinky foam  
Of blossom-seas will toss,  
The spiders fling their filmy webs across.

There is a throb in every river reed ;  
A subtile essence in each wayside weed  
Quickens its dormant root,  
And bids it upward toward the sunlight shoot ;  
The trillium knows  
That southern slopes no longer harbor snows ;  
The armored snail  
On dry, dead grasses leaves a shining trail ;  
The robber rooks out-caw their mawkish strains  
Above corn-planted plains ;  
The winds are winds of promise, on whose wings  
Come countless breathings, endless whisperings  
Of bursting beauty in all germinant things.

What joy is here,  
In the foreknowledge that the youthful year  
Through spires of constant change the bud will bring  
To full fruition and fair perfecting !  
Who wills, may con a higher prophecy  
Of harvests yet to be ;—  
What the October of our lives will yield  
If seeds be sown in April's fertile field.

## I Lean Sunward

I lean sunward all the year,—  
Copses green or copses sere,  
Time of rose or time of rime,  
Tree-toad chirp or cricket chime !

I lean sunward ; in my veins  
Ichor runs and ardor reigns,  
Lifting me, upon my course,  
Toward light's elemental source.

I lean sunward ; may there be  
Something that shall buoyance me,  
When life's varied race be run,  
To the Light behind the sun !

## The Pillow

Out of the earth have I made me a pillow,  
Smoothed it and mossed it and grassed it well over ;  
Under the tremulous leaves of the willow,  
Lo, it is there I have made me a pillow,  
Down where the rillet runs by like a rover,  
And the bees quaff deep from the sweet white clover !

Sooth, there is much both to lean and to listen to,—  
Twitter of wrens and the warble of thrushes ;  
Bosom and throat how they quiver and glisten, too !  
Mellower music nowhere will you listen to ;  
Trills that are golden and silvery gushes,  
And the brook meanwhile making love to the rushes.

Day-time or night-time, noon-time or moon-time,  
Ever there's something to lure me and hold me ;  
You know the charm that there is in the June-time !  
( Day-time or night-time, noon-time or moon-time ; )  
Such is the magic that seems to enfold me,  
Play on my spirit, re-fashion, re-mould me.

Bough-sway above me, and reed-sway below me,  
And gentle leaf-laughter around and about me ;  
Crickets, cicadas, and katydids know me ;  
Tinkles and trebles above and below me ;  
Just the old earth-joy the clear voices shout me ;  
If there is happier haven I doubt me !

Yea, on the breast of the loving all-mother,  
Lo, it is there I a pillow have made me ;  
Soothe can she, lull can she, more than another,—  
She the all-bountiful, beautiful mother ;  
O that her peace, with its healing, may aid me,  
When, at the last, on her breast they have laid me !

## Horizons .

Who harbors Hatred, sees a small  
And closing cincture hold him thrall.

Who glooming Envy entertains,  
Has narrowing sky-lines for his pains.

Who makes perpetual friend of Doubt,  
Marks dwarfing vistas round about.

But he whose bosom Love hath found,  
Is by no cramped horizons bound.



## The Spirit

I am the spirit that broods  
In the hush of the winter woods ;  
Not of cold but of fire  
Is the pulse of my desire ;  
You would not dream me kin  
    To April's lyric thrall,  
And yet my passionate voice is twin  
    To the blue-bird's luring call.

I am the fervor fine  
That thrills the vein of the vine ;  
And one day it will be I,  
My quickening potency,  
That shall kindle a golden glow  
    In the snow of the lily's core,  
And set the lip of the rose a-blow  
    Where the garden slopes to the shore.

I slumber but to wake,  
And I brood but to swell and break ;  
In my silence there lies  
The shaping of destinies.  
A whisper breathes, and hark ! —  
    Mystery, melody, mirth !  
Out of the depths of the dearth and dark  
    A glory over the earth !

## The Rocks of Chance

O ye who drive upon the rocks of Chance,  
Or drift upon the shoals of Circumstance,  
Or fail to reach the port of high emprise  
Through, on Life's seas, some patient sacrifice,  
Who, following Duty's beacon o'er the main,  
Love's golden galleon mark another gain,  
Take heart ! None knows how fair the meed may be  
In God's green islands of Eternity !

## The Praise - Fire

In the wild Saxon woodland ways of old,  
On Easter eve did they upheap a pyre,  
And, at the stroke of midnight, touch with fire  
The gathered fagots, till on high uprolled  
The mighty flame-tongues, lighting wood and wold ;  
Then rose strong voices in a prayerful choir  
Chanting His praises, and their deep desire  
To be as lambs within His sheltered fold.

In fancy, down the avenues of years,  
As down the darkling Saxon forest aisles,  
The firelight flashes and the song beguiles ;  
And lo, the flame that falls upon the eyes,  
The while Hope's pæan thrills our eager ears,  
. Is Faith's bright torch that lights the centuries !

## Heart o' Mine

All along the valleys, through the beechen alleys  
    Little silvery sallies set the blood athrill ;  
Now bleak days are over, we may play the rover,  
    Heart o' mine, heart o' mine, footing where we will !

Marry, there's no curing for the old alluring  
    Gypsy-thrall that masters us when the thrushes trill !  
We must out at bloom of day, wandering till gloom  
    of day,  
    Heart o' mine, heart o' mine, straying where we will !

Care,— 'tis fled afar from us, distant as a star from us ;  
    We've a bliss to bar from us everything of ill ;  
Dreams come true at last to us, woe and winter past  
    to us,  
    Heart o' mine, heart o' mine, faring where we will !

## The Pine

Yon pine that pinnacles the height,  
And meets the tempest's stress and sting,  
Stands, in the vast white reach of light,  
As green as in the flush of Spring.

Thus would I have my heart abide  
Through age's wintry tyranny,  
Proof against turn of time and tide,  
Forever vernal like the tree.

## A Canticle

Once more is the woodland ringing  
    With buoyant mirth ;  
Once more are the green shoots springing  
    From under-earth ;  
Out of the gates of glooming,—  
    The depths of dole,—  
Like a bud unto its blooming,  
    Rise thou, my soul !

Once more there are lyrics lifted  
    From all the rills ;  
Once more there is warm light sifted  
    On God's fair hills.  
Out of the slough of sadness,  
    Again made whole,  
Into the glow of gladness  
    Rise thou, my soul !

Once more the exultant spirit  
    Through nature runs ;  
Once more from heaven to hear it  
    Lean stars and suns.  
Freed from thy wintry prison,  
    Seek thou the goal  
Of Christ, the re-arisen,  
    My soul, my soul !

## Now That the Birds Come Back

Now that the birds come back,

How thrills the rejuvenant heart to be alive !  
Bluebird and black,  
And many a fair, full-throated feathered fellow  
In sober brown or in sun-borrowed yellow.

In every close they thrive,—  
Orchard or garden, or in bosky deeps,  
Or by the rill's marge where the willow weeps.

Behold old Sorrow gone !

Now with each soft rose-flowering of the dawn  
Joy lyrics with the robin and the wren ;  
We have won once again

Some of the sweet enchantment that they knew,  
Who quaffed from wells Arcadian long ago,  
And let the days slip by

With the recurrence of no mournful sigh,

Dreaming that all their dreams were coming true  
Because, forsooth, they heard,

Now loud, now low,  
The pleading, passionate iterance of a bird,—  
The soul of song in rapturous overflow.

Have Melody and her young sister, Mirth,  
Upon this trammeled earth  
A fairer union than is compassed there  
In yon blue vernal air,  
Where one small wingèd atom soaring sings?  
Ah, there are other things  
That stir the sense  
With radiant recompense  
    For all the ills we mortals undergo!—  
    The kindling morning-glow,  
The sight of eve's first star,  
    The glamourie  
    Of moonlight on the still breast of the sea,  
The perfume of the tender flowers that are  
So compact of all gracious loveliness,—  
Yea, these may bless,  
But not as that pure voice out-caroling  
The symphony of Spring!

Blue breast and white breast, red and tawny crest,  
    Lo, how they thrive,  
Weaving the upright and the hanging nest!  
Of joy and song who hearkens has no lack.  
    Ah, how the heart doth thrill to be alive,  
Now that the birds come back!



## The Vale

There is a vale where-down  
All of mankind must tread ;  
The king who wears a crown,  
The low, unlaurelled head ;  
And for a guide  
Stalks Pain, the hollow-eyed.

But if there be to light  
That amaranthine slope,  
Piercing the void of night,  
The stars of Faith and Hope,  
The dark, the deep,  
Will be to us as sleep.

## Song for Easter Morning

Along the wakening valleys,  
Where the feet of Winter trod,  
The Spirit of Spring-time rallies  
The children of the sod ;  
On the slopes that were brown and barren,  
As at touch of the rod of Aaron,  
The wind-flowers sway and nod.

A waft of the breath of Beauty  
Is blown o'er the waiting earth ;  
And the austere face of Duty  
Is touched with a tender mirth ;  
While the numbing coil of Trouble  
Is burst like a tenuous bubble  
At thought of the vernal birth.

Aye, back from the pallid portal  
The stone of Death is rolled,  
And Hope, on its wings immortal,  
Mounts up in the morning's gold ;  
And life seems trustful and truthful,  
And the soul is yearning and youthful,  
And naught in the world is old !

## The Garth

O husbandman, thou well shouldst tend  
That fair and fertile garth, thy soul ;  
Take gardener Virtue for thy friend,  
Lest thou shouldst come to dole !

Thou canst not be too keen of sight  
To mark no tares spring up therein ;  
For wary as a thief by night  
Is the dark sower, Sin !

## The Easter Walk

At middle morn, on Easter day,  
I took the western hillside way  
Above the woodland, soon to be  
Bannered with vernal pageantry.  
A little wind from out the south  
Breathed lyrics from its wooing mouth,  
And somewhere Maestro Robin gave  
A sharp crescendo to his stave.

From slope to distant greening slope  
The air was permeate with hope ;  
A tiny rillet's sole employ  
Was just to clearly chorus "joy!"  
And as I thought, "Will there be mine  
Of Spring's rebirth some crowning sign?"  
Lo, in the moss before me set  
A tender firstling violet!

Blue as the bluest sky, this flower  
Made glad my heart that morning hour.  
It gave unto my breast to keep  
More than did all the earth's vast sweep;  
So pure it was, so without flaw,  
I touched its petals as in awe,  
And there I seemed to read the whole  
Of the renascence of the soul.

## The Path

There is a path that I would lead you by,  
If you will trust yourself to me for guide ;  
A path that bends along the woodland side  
Beyond the churchyard, where the dreamers lie  
Dreaming their last long dream. A quiet sky  
Leans over it, and grain-fields poppy-pied  
Stretch billowy to eastward, amber-wide,  
From where the forest brethren sway and sigh.

Below the wood a stile stands ; then a brook  
Tosses its unsoiled silver down in glee ;  
Next is a thymy slope which we must breast,  
Climbing the gradual pathway to its crest ;  
And now that we have won the summit, look !—  
Mysterious as our human life—the sea !

## The Search

Upon my heart these April days  
The longing keen takes hold  
To seek, afar from trodden ways,  
The morn's new-minted gold.

I grasp my palmer's hazel staff,  
And blithely hie me where  
The ariel blue-bird's lyric laugh  
Goes rippling down the air.

I find within the sky no flaw,  
And all the earth to me  
Is tuned to one ecstatic law,—  
The law of harmony.

And rising from the dewy land  
Before my questing eyes  
A little flower, divinely planned,  
In virgin beauty lies ; —

Plucking this boon of earth and air  
In hand and heart I hold  
My own inalienable share  
Of morn's new-minted gold.

## Among the Hills

I have hied me once again  
Far above the roofs of men,  
Far above the surf of strife  
Beating on the reefs of life.

Only nature's solemn psalm  
Pulses through these vasts of calm ;  
Only nature's epic mood  
Permeates this solitude.

On these soaring heights withdrawn,  
I am one with dusk and dawn ;  
One with all the winds that are ;  
One with sun and moon and star.

How remote all substance seems  
In this company of dreams !  
Ah, to dwell with visions still  
On this heaven-lifting hill !

## The Healing of the Wood

To heal mine aching moods,  
Give me God's virgin woods,  
His cloistral solitudes,  
Where none intrudes !

A dim sequestered place,  
With leaves that link and lace,  
Where peace and primal grace  
Meet face to face.

There would I gain heart's-ease  
From the sweet calm of trees,  
And the low melodies  
Of birds and bees.

There would the balm distill  
A soothing for all ill ;  
With cheerfulness the rill  
My heart would fill.

I would go softly thence  
With a far kindlier sense ;  
With more benevolence,  
And less pretence.

Fairer the sky would ope ;  
Less would I, faltering, grope ;  
But tread life's onward slope  
With surer hope !



## The Quest

O it's, up with you, my comrade ! —  
Friend of the truant will !  
You with your flute, and I with my lute,  
We will foot it over the hill !

We will fare for a tryst with morning,—  
She of the golden wing ;  
And will learn from her store of luring lore  
The canticles of Spring ! —

The wind's call from the pine-top,  
The bird's from the under bough ;  
The tinkle of shower, and the sigh of flower,  
And the rillet's silvery vow.

We will shape them, we will suit them,  
We will blend them all, and then  
Back we will bear an Orphean air  
To the wondering ears of men.

## The Green o' the Year

O the green o' the year, the green o' the year,  
When the blossom bursts on the jonquil-spear,  
And the wild-phlox lifts the blue of its eye  
Up to the blue of the brooding sky ;  
When every wafture of morning brings  
A sense of the fragrant heart of things !  
O the world is sweet and life is dear  
In this, the green o' the year !

O the green o' the year, the green o' the year,  
When the lyric of earth is the song we hear,  
When rapture breathes from the lowliest weed,  
And the creed of joy is the common creed ;  
When nature thrills to the soul of the sod  
With the kindling touch of the smile of God !  
O the world is sweet and life is dear  
In this, the green o' the year !

## Patchwork

Some rainbow shreds of Hope and Joy ;  
Faith's golden stripes without alloy ;  
Scraps of Ambition bright to see ;  
A few white threads of Charity ;  
Much of the purple cloth of Pain ;  
Love's fabric, like a golden vein  
Between the strands of Hate and Strife ;—  
Such is the patchwork we call Life.

## The Weavers

They sit, each one at her loom,  
With grave and averted face ;  
Never through glow or gloom  
One of them quits her place.

Ceaseless whirr of the wheel !  
Endless shift of the thread !  
Ever, for woe or weal,  
The same monotonous tread.

Tears and smiles and sighs,  
Fears that gather and ebb,  
Hopes, in their rainbow guise,—  
These are part of the web.

The noble aim and the base,  
Love, with its morning glow,  
Hatred and dark disgrace,—  
Into the strands they go !

Never their toil abates,  
Albeit no sound one hears  
Where travail the solemn Fates  
Weaving the web of the years.

## A Legend of Normandy

Deep-bowered among the hills of Normandy,  
Where seaward flows the ever-dimpling Seine,  
Through billowy meads, the home of husbandry,  
That yearly yield rich store of golden grain,  
A hamlet lies upon a little plain;  
And in its midst a chapel, quaint and old,  
Lifts a slim spire above its western door,  
Where, in a niche the arching entrance o'er,  
A figure stands enrobed in tarnished gold.

The figure of a stalwart youth, whose hands  
Uphold a fainting child, and whose fair face  
Seems looking far across the fertile lands  
To some dim bourn within the depths of space.  
The Chapel of Saint Pierre the holy place  
Is called by those that in its shadow dwell;  
And of the youthful saint to whom they pray  
In trust and loving reverence, day by day,  
This story do the humble peasants tell :

In years ago (how many none may know)  
Upon the river's reedy marge lived one  
Whose cheeks had lost joy's soft and sunny glow,—  
A silent woman with her only son,  
A comely lad, whose happy days had run

Through sixteen shifting seasons. Strong was he,  
Yet kindness shone within his truthful eyes ;  
Folk did not marvel that his speech was wise,  
For his calm brow proclaimed nobility.

Stretching beyond the river's restless tide  
Were deep green meadows where the children  
played,  
And plucked, each year, the blossoms starry-eyed,  
To twine for Easter morn a fragrant braid ;  
And thither led, by ancient arches stayed,  
A moss-grown bridge, in immemorial time  
Reared by the hands of men forgotten long,  
Who faded like the echo of a song,  
But left this record of their lusty prime.

It was the morn before blest Easter Day,  
And in the cottage garden wandered Pierre ;  
On all the earth an amber radiance lay,  
And musically sweet was all the air.  
From out the hamlet had the children fair  
Gone gaily meadow-ward across the Seine,  
That tossed and tumbled by with angry roar,  
And sought to burst its curbing bonds of shore,  
Dark-swollen by long days of driving rain.

Then pealed the ringing voice of one who cried  
And bade the children from the meadows flee,  
Lest, in its rage, the ever-rising tide  
Should gird them round and gulf them suddenly.  
So back they came, bloom-laden, still in glee,  
Singing their simple songs of merry cheer,  
Laughing to see the waters foam and surge,  
Till all had reached the river's nearer verge  
Except one little maid who knew no fear.

She on the bridge's middle buttress stood,  
And clapped her tiny hands to hear the roar,  
And called aloud, and waved her ribboned hood  
In joyous greeting to her friends on shore.  
No eye beheld the archways, smitten sore,  
Quiver and part, until there rose a sound  
As of a mighty whirlwind, when, in wrath,  
It spreads destruction in its doomèd path,  
That stirred the hamlet to its utmost bound.

Swift river-ward the startled people ran  
Who were not following far afield the plow ;  
The woman left the busy loom, the man  
The forge, and hasted on, they recked not how,  
Fearing disaster dread, while every brow

Grew pallid, as before their straining eyes,  
    Upon the buttress, with its crumbling stone,  
    They saw the little maiden stand alone,  
And heard her lift her piteous, pleading cries.

Then sudden through the palsied throng sprang one  
    Upon the wonder of whose yellow hair  
Flashed the full radiance of the morning sun,  
    And in their midst, with eyes aflame, stood Pierre.  
“Is there no man,” he loudly cried, “will dare  
To brave the flood? And are ye cowards all,  
    That thus ye wait in craven apathy,  
    Like senseless hinds, the helpless maid to see  
Borne down the flood beyond your mortal call?”

No voice made answer save in muttered word,  
    Or inarticulate murmur 'neath the breath;  
But the chill thought that every bosom stirred  
    Shone from the eyes — the awful fear of death.  
    Then lofty scorn swept (so the story saith)  
Across the youthful hero's noble face.  
“What! lack ye courage, men of Normandy?  
    Then I, a boy, will your exemplar be!”  
He cried, and darted from the crowded place.



In vain they strove his rapid steps to stay ;  
Along the foaming stream he swiftly sped,  
Where willows leaned above his dauntless way  
Their graceful branches, budding palely red,  
Until at last he tide-ward turned his head  
To mark the buttress and the sobbing child ;  
One prayerful look upon the sky he threw,  
That o'er him domed in tenderness its blue,  
Then boldly plunged within the waters wild.

Roused by his spirit, cheer on ringing cheer  
Rose till there swelled one grand, applausive cry ;  
And now he saw the buttress looming near,  
Now clutched its jagged side and climbed on high,  
Now stood upon its crest triumphantly  
To feel the stones beneath him reel amain ;  
So, clasping tight the little maid, who smiled  
In trust, a moment from her fears beguiled,  
He sprang within the boiling surge again.

From out the vortex did he rise unharmed,  
Whereat a shout half drowned the water's roar ;  
And many deemed that Pierre's young life was charmed,  
Seeing him strive so stanchly for the shore.  
But as he neared the longed-for land once more,

While kindly hands his burden snatched away,  
A sudden mighty billow o'er him rolled,  
And dragged him downward in its cruel hold  
Forever from the sunny face of day.

Fleet seasons changed, and men were born and died ;  
Yet every Easter would the mothers tell  
Of that brave boy — the humble hamlet's pride —  
Who gave his life, and how the deed befell.  
Till among those who kept his memory well  
“ The sweet Saint Pierre ” at last he came to be ;  
And many pilgrim feet at Easter sought  
The simple shrine that grateful hands had wrought  
Beside the Seine, swift hasting to the sea.

Still stands the shrine, still is the story told,  
Though silent centuries have glided by.  
Love will not let the names of those grow old  
Who for their fellows grandly dare and die !  
Blue o'er the hamlet leans the Norman sky,  
The bells of Easter peal adown the air,  
And clear the children's choiring voices ring  
In reverent greeting to the Heavenly King,  
And in remembrance of “ the sweet Saint Pierre.”

## Life

Sentient from out the illimitable void,  
With darkness palpitant, into a space  
Concave, with vasts of scintillating blue,  
And peopled by innumerable forms,  
Was I cast groping. Overhead an eye  
Of dazzling fire depended, and there rose  
Murmurs of voices multitudinous,  
And sound of wind and waters. Then the light  
Failed, and above upon the gloom were pricked  
Irradiant sparks, and slowly there upclomb  
A luminous spectral disc. Again the fire;  
Again and yet again the ghostly orb;  
And aye the sound of voice and wind and wave!  
Now was I stung with cold, now scorched with heat;  
Now racked with pain, now swept with ecstasy.  
Then suddenly, and ere I was aware  
What meant the ceaseless shuttle,—the great void!  
And, as I passed, a whisper — “*That was Life!*”

## Sorcery

Some cunning spirit of the night  
Has woven upon an airy loom  
A wonder-web, and stretched this white  
Half penetrable gloom  
Miraculously from tree to tree,  
Until nor spot nor space is free  
From the spun sorcery.

Yet let the wand of the lord sun,—  
His mighty mace impalpable,—  
When he has done his orison  
Within his secret orient cell,  
But touch this tissue, midnight-wrought,  
Lo, heaven's blue!—The spell grows naught  
Sudden and swift as thought.

## Grantham Time

Chime ! chime ! chime !  
Hear old Grantham Time,  
In yonder belfry bare,  
Startling the air !

Joy ! joy ! joy !  
Thus sounds his employ  
To one  
Love-glad beneath the sun.

Tears ! tears ! tears !  
These words another hears,  
With catch of breath,  
Brooding o'er death.

Chime ! chime ! chime !  
Still shall old Grantham Time  
Ring o'er and o'er  
Till time shall be no more.

## The Thrall

Aloof, I heard,  
The rise and dip note of the oven-bird,  
Word upon buoyant word,  
Rapt music, blithe as is the blossoming  
Of frail hepaticas, trills dropped a-wing,  
Or from a bough a-swing  
In the warm lyric south-wind. Little leaves  
Rippled in soft green laughter. Belted thieves,  
Bent upon honey-plunder, made fleet chase  
From bloom to bloom,—  
The cloud-white trillium and squirrel's-corn,  
The seal-o'-Solomon, golden as the morn,—  
With breezy boom,  
Or low and dreamy bass.  
Then swift I said,  
Of all earth's loveliness enamored,  
“Here is my place!  
Here will I linger and gain lasting grace  
From all this sweet renewal,—the old lure  
Of youth and joy! I that am spent and poor  
Will straight grow rich and hale;  
And there shall naught avail  
To filch from me my wealth;

No creeping stealth  
Shall grasp it in the watches of the night ! ”  
Hence I abide.  
O ye who would win healing, heart-delight,  
Come ye and look and list, revived !  
Slough thy gray wintry mood !  
Clasp hands with life-renewed !  
Bird-voice, brook-babble, blossom-murmurs, kind  
Touch of the whispering wind,  
Grass-crinkle, bud-unfolding, each and all,  
Have been, and are, and will be mine uplifting.  
Earth hath no vernal entity so small,  
So subtle, or so shifting,  
It doth not hold me thrall !

## In Sanctuary

Before thou passest from this sacred air,  
Breathe thou a prayer!  
Attune thy spirit's key  
To a rapt harmony  
With springing pillar and the arch that soars,  
Until thy soul adores,—  
Uplifted high and higher  
With the ascending glory of the spire!  
Take to thine inner sense  
The amber affluence  
Poured through the panes that shine  
As with a light divine!  
Quaff thou from Music's chalice deep, ah, deep  
As from the wells of Sleep!  
Catch from the spoken word  
A golden chord  
To be a link between  
Thy soul and the ineffable Unseen!  
Then, ere thou passest from the sacred air,  
Breathe thou a prayer!













UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

25 Mar 52 HL

12 Mar 52 L



